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observer, and is naturally and unthinkingly considered to be this animal's speciality. Making due allowance for differences of structure and habits, I think we may safely assert that all quadrupeds move in the same manner, or in accordance with the same principles.

I cannot conclude this chapter on the horse without some reference to the goodness of his nature, and the kindness he deserves. He has been unaccountably and disparagingly compared with the dog, and considered to feel little attachment to his master. The comparison is irrelevant. We might as well complain that the mountain stream does not possess the same properties as the grass which grows on its borders. If, however, the horse can be easily weaned from a master, where can we find a creature more faithful to his work—more courageous in the execution of his duty? Labor rather than the person who directs it is the object of his fidelity. As man rises in nobleness of character, we may hope that animals will rise proportionally in the scale of intelligence and disposition. Because they are at our mercy, we ought to be more earnest in treating them mercifully. We may be sure that humanity to animals is not among the least of those virtues with which Man is endowed by the Supreme Being.

I remain, &c.,

NEWTON CROSLAND.

Ilyde-Vale, Blackheath.

ON THE APPRECIATION OF TRUTH IN ART.

The simple abstract idea of Truth is what all men in all ages have felt in the same way; but they have described in different ways their mode of apprehending her, by expressing in one word—the name whereby they distinguish her—that leading feature, among the various manifestations of her qualities, which they comprehended the most readily because it was the one most in harmony with the tone of their own minds.

This diversity in the definitions of truth among the languages of ancient nations, illustrates in a very curious manner the distinction they drew between the subjective view of this quality,—truth *per se*, as the thing producing an impression upon you,—which is felt by all alike; and the objective view,—truth considered according to the particular impression it has produced upon you,—which is different in every age, in every nation,—perhaps presenting shades of difference in every man. But all those differences are merely shades of the same original hue, brightened or deepened by the reflection of each man's own intellectual individuality.

The Hebrew patriarch of that primeval age when man sought rather to embody in language the moral convictions of his inward spirit, than to analyze the functions of his intellect, expressed his sublime conception of truth in the name he gave her, *EMETH*, "what is self-sustaining." How comprehensive, how profound, is this simple idea! what a world of profitable meditation it is able to supply! Although we are limited, by our theme, to the *truth of Art*, the definition will be practically useful in its place. It is an essential quality of truth to be *self-sustaining*, and a school of Art founded on essential and intellectual truth requires no commendation from another source to sustain it.

The keen and observant Greek, whose turn of mind led rather to discriminate the outward properties than to discern the spiritual essence of things, called his conception of truth *ALETHIA*, "what does not escape notice." Here again is a very useful definition, and fraught with meaning which we shall have occasion to apply. Truth, in a general sense, cannot escape the notice of the observant—but only does so in the particular case of those whose familiar acquaintance with the false has overlaid the intuitive power of receiving her. And when

she escapes these, the fault is not in her, but in them.

The ancient Egyptian, earnest, philosophical, but superstitious, united in these two modes of apprehending truth, the subjective and the objective, in his definitions. His idea of truth was dual, and he moreover divinized it. The first goddess of truth, MA, is much the same radical idea as EM—eth, the self-sustaining truth. The other goddess of truth, TME, was the separation or distinction of her qualities, the discriminative judgment of her.

By this time the reader is beginning to wonder what the Hebrews, Greeks, and Egyptians, can have to do with the heading of this chapter; what connection there can exist between these metaphysical notions, and so matter-of-fact a class of truths as the visible and tangible phenomena of outward nature which they believe it is the painter's business to reproduce. She must fancy I have taken as long a start from my aim as *l'Intimé*, in Racine's "Plaideurs," when, as counsel for the defendant, in the case of a dog who had stolen a fowl, he began the end of his oration with

"Avant donc

La naissance du monde et sa création,
Le monde, l'univers, toute la nature entière
Était enseveli au fond de la matière.
Les éléments, le feu, l'air, et la terre, et l'eau,
Enfouies, entassées, ne faisaient qu'un monceau,
Une confusion," &c., &c.

In the middle of which the judge slipped off his chair—fast asleep.

In order not to be the cause of a similar catastrophe, I will now come to the point. We were not quite so far from it as we thought.

A lady whom I once visited, and whose uncle had a collection of paintings by the most esteemed old masters, made a confession to me, in the course of conversation *appropos* of these pictures, which led me to think a great deal. As we canvassed the relative merits of the works which decorated the walls all round us, she owned with deep and sincere regret, that, although she was very fond of paintings, she felt incapable of admiring these as she knew she ought, considering the high value set upon them by others, and the pleasure which those who were admitted to be sound judges of Art derived from their contemplation. She frankly acknowledged that some of the works which they most admired, so far from being pleasing to her, were positively repulsive. In the public exhibitions, likewise, to which she generally looked forward as her chief pleasure in visiting town, she had to undergo the same uncomfortable conflict between the earnest wish to be pleased, and the uncertainty of her own judgment as to whether she were right or wrong; when her feeling led her to approve; for she constantly saw people in raptures before works in which she could find nothing at all to like, and this made her appear distressingly singular; while, on the other hand, she was often attracted by what no one else cared to look at, and then was laughed or wondered at for her bad taste.

She had, however, good sense enough to perceive that much of this unintelligible admiration, in others, was a mere outward show of enthusiasm called forth by certain superficial and conventional qualities, which some superficial and conventional people have agreed to admire, because others like them have done so before them; and why be at the trouble of thinking or feeling for oneself, when it is so much easier to follow the safe sheep-walk of fashionable self delusion?

She had also tact enough to perceive that many of those who, like herself, differed openly from the elegant flock, were as eccentric in their taste as the other was frivolous; and that, perhaps, a certain love of singularity—a certain desire to obtain credit for an exclusive and mysterious standard of connoisseurship, and for a

perfect independence of other people's opinions in the formation of their own—might have more or less part in calling forth these energetic dissenters from the fiat of the majority.

But she had, with all this, modesty enough to feel convinced that these were rather exceptional cases; and that, in general, when she found herself admiring what the judgment of others condemned, or looking with indifference on works in which others had discovered admirable qualities, to her mystery, this must arise from some very great deficiency in herself. If she could only clearly understand what constituted excellence in Art, and how to discover and appreciate it, she would be able to gratify her taste for Art, without fear of others, or mistrust of self. She would no longer shrink from the idea of being laughed at, for either singularity or bad taste. She would have a ground of reliance on herself, which would open to her a double source of pleasure. Firstly, the pleasure arising from the contemplation of Art itself, in which, hitherto, her enjoyment had been marred by the sense of her own ignorance, and her dependence on others more ignorant than herself. And, secondly, the pleasure arising from a conscious freedom of judgment, based on a solid foundation of knowledge, which would place her far above feeling mortified by the idle censure of others. And so, as I was an artist, and ought to know, she begged me to teach her, if this were possible, *how to understand works of Art*; and to assist her judgment in discerning what are the essential qualities which constitute the difference between a good picture and a bad one.

There can be no doubt that many women, of good education (in the ordinary sense of that word), and endowed with superior natural taste, and an innate love of Art, have often found themselves perplexed as this lady was. There can be no doubt, that for want of a fixed standard of excellence, to which they may refer their impressions, and thus be qualified to form a correct judgment, and for want of practical examples to teach them how to guide and regulate it, many persons, abundantly gifted by nature with the essentials of a fine feeling for Art, forfeit that pure and elevated enjoyment which springs from the *power of understanding and appreciating merit in others*.

But the direct loss of so noble a source of pleasure to the individual, is nothing in comparison to the indirect loss to society, occasioned by the vitiated, artificial, conventional, or callous taste, engendered among the higher and better educated classes of the community, for want of a definite principle of sound artistic appreciation.

To these, the professional artist looks up for two things; the life of his Art, and his own living. He lives on the remuneration of his labor; but his Art can only live by a just and intelligent appreciation, on the part of others, of what is good, beautiful, and true, in his conceptions. Withhold this * * * If it be withheld unfairly, his spirit can rise superior to man's injustice, and conquer; but if it be withheld from indifference, the indifference of a false, conventional standard of knowledge, a thousandfold worse than ignorance, then there is no further hope, either for the artist or his art. He must go on painting, to live; but he paints down to that standard. His practice then becomes, in turn, a precedent to support the vices of judgment that wrought its degradation; and in this way Art dies.

Art cannot live without the encouragement of sympathy,—the sympathy of feeling, guided by knowledge. So long as a man feels that his brother-men are capable of entering into the spirit of his creations,—that his endeavors after a more exalted intellectual standard will be seconded by a generous and living appreciation of his efforts, a new energy is given him, to soar beyond the reach of his former self.

But when he knows beforehand, that, aim how high he may, the lofty intellectual of a beautiful creation will fall like water on a flint, upon the dull perceptions of a critical world who appreciates nothing higher than surface-imitation of matter;—when he has become painfully conscious that the qualities he has most cherished, that have been his thought by day and dream by night, are as the rainbow to the blind, or music to the deaf,—is he not manacled in spirit? and under the burden of this cold, heavy chain, must not imagination, power, enthusiasm, gradually perish within him for ever?

In this way an Art-generation passes away: another succeeds it. And what does this new generation originate? Nothing. It imitates. A vague oral tradition has handed down to posterity certain mysterious references to the beauties of the extinct school. Public opinion echoes the report with uncertain sound—and a school is straightway formed which has caught up as much of the outward manner of its predecessors as the vulgar eye is able to recognise. But their spirit is far beyond its range of apprehension.

"Truth is self-sustaining." The critical public soon detects the imitation, and the multitude cries out for change. "Let us have Nature! Nature forever!" and a fresh experimental school is started, in which a patient, laborious transcript of the surface aspects of nature is aimed at, as the highest standard of artistic excellence, and is appreciated accordingly. If you have an accurate eye, a skillful hand, and a good stock-in-trade of patience, you are certain of success. This high spiritual feeling embodied in Raffaele's "St. Catherine" is a sealed book to the uneducated taste of the multitude—but everybody can judge whether these plums are so marvellously painted, that you would be afraid of rubbing off the bloom if you touched them—that in yonder large historical picture the stores of mediæval antiquity have been diligently ransacked to furnish the rich and elaborately wrought costumes of a glittering crowd, whose proceedings and emotions would be perfectly unintelligible without the explanation, half a page long in the catalogue; and when you have thus learnt what they are all doing, you praise the execution, find out what faces remind you of your acquaintances—and pass on.

But the fickle public begins also to cloy of this meaningless elaboration. Fortwith, its antipodes become the fashion,—which the artist whose ambition is to be "successful" must follow. A meaningless dashing in of water-colors, and daubing on of oils, has succeeded to the servile copying of detail. One would now believe the artist's ambition was to convince the world that there is not a single detail in nature's graces worthy of being reproduced. The more utterly unintelligible your forms are, the better. Leave everything to the lively imagination of the spectator, and you will get immense credit for your imagination and poetical feeling too. Let your skies be hard masses of blue and white stone—let your trees be undistinguishable in texture and shape from the rocks on which they grow—let your faces be without features, your draperies without folds, your limbs like logs of wood in form and hue; and you will soon make a fortune with the least possible outlay of mind or industry. A reputation for a "fine, bold, masterly style" will carry anything it originates down the torrent of popularity for a while.

We have successively gone through these phases of Art-degradation, and are now hovering between the last, and its antagonist the careful school, which speaks a promise of better things. For, at least, it does not try to awe the public with swagger, but obviously seeks to please. Even though it aim at nothing greater than reproducing, with academical correctness and a conventional tastefulness of technical

management, all the graceful elegances of daily life,—whether the theme be chosen from a high or low class,—nevertheless, what it does undertake is well executed; and so long as that is prized by the amateur as the *summum bonum* of all excellence, the artist will never aim at a higher standard. But all this outward show of satisfactory technical correctness in externals cannot touch the heart—cannot leave an impression on the mind that will haunt you, when the work that awakened it is out of sight. They are incapable of exciting in you a thought that will re-act on your higher moral nature. How could it be otherwise? Where the intellectual spirit of Art is not, what is its outward form, however garished up, but a dead body? Paint it up as you will—deck it in splendor—deck it with jewels—wreath it with flowers,—all this will not impart a living power to a corpse from which the living soul has departed.

If our school of Art is in danger of approaching to this condition, as our yearly experience of the class of productions which commands the most distinguished patronage leaves the sincere lover of art room to fear, it is not the fault of the artist, either collectively or individually. Any industrious man can work so many hours a-day, if he is compelled by necessity, so long as a demand exists for his labor. But it cannot be too often and emphatically repeated, that the *true Artist* in heart and soul can only be called forth by Sympathy. Let us have Amateurs sensitive to the higher truths of intellectual Art,—who know how to search out, read, appreciate, and love the intrinsic qualities of artistic excellence,—who, without undervaluing skill, can also feel with *genius*,—and there will be no lack of true Artists. Sympathy will always elicit the manifestation of Power, when Power is conscious of meeting with enlightened sympathy. F. C.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A WONDERFUL stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realms of Years,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the Ocean of Years.

There is a musical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the tones with the roses are straying.

And the name of this Isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so;
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unwept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before;
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of life till night:
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile—
May that "Greenwood" of Souls be in sight.
—From the Evening Mirror.

A MONUMENT, by Mr. M. Noble, of the late Archbishop of York—Dr. Harcourt—has been placed in the nave of York Minster. The work is described as simple, and in keeping with the character of the deceased Archbishop.—*Athenæum*.

PORTRAITURE OF WASHINGTON:

BEING AN APPENDIX TO 'THE CUSTIS' RECOLLECTIONS AND PRIVATE MEMOIRS, ETC.

(From the National Intelligencer.)

There is, we are persuaded, not one of our whole circle of readers who have in days gone by read in these columns the intensely interesting papers entitled, "The Custis Recollections" of Washington, emanating periodically from the pen of his distinguished relative, W. F. Custis, but will have with delight the following essay from the same venerable hand, minutely describing the traits and personal attributes of the "Father of his Country."

It is assuredly both desirable and proper that there should belong to the American people and descend to their posterity a faithful portraiture of their Washington. They have in their own country all the materials requisite and necessary for such a work; nor need they go abroad to ensure its most happy execution, they having artistic genius and skill of the highest order at home.

The earliest original of the Pater Patriæ is the portrait of Col. Washington painted by Charles Wilson Peale in 1772, and now in fine preservation at Arlington House. This splendid and most interesting picture formed the principal ornament of the parlor at Mount Vernon for twenty-seven years, and for the truth of its resemblance to the Washington of colonial times Dr. James Craik was frequently applied to, who pronounced it to be a faithful likeness of the Provincial Colonel in the prime of life. The venerable James Craik; it is well known, was the associate and bosom friend of the Chief from 1754 to the last days at Mount Vernon.

Next in the order of succession we have a full-length of the Commander-in-Chief, painted by Peale in 1779, during the Revolution. This Peale may very properly be styled the soldier-artist; for in spring time he would lay aside his palette, and, commanding a company, fight a campaign, and on going into winter quarters take up his palette again and paint the portraits of the great men of the army of Independence. The soldier-artist gave a most graphic and amusing account of his painting the portrait of Gen. Green at Valley Forge. He said: "The wretched but that formed my studio had but two articles of furniture, an old bedstead and a three-legged chair! The General being a heavy man, I placed him upon the bedstead, while I steadied myself as well as I could upon the rickety chair; it was awfully cold, and I had every few moments to thrust my hands into the fire to enable me to hold my pencil." In such a studio and with such appliances was painted the only reliable likeness that we have of the illustrious soldier who was the hero of the South, and second only to him who was first of all.

Peale delighted to relate incidents that occurred during his intercourse at various times with Washington, particularly the display of the vast physical prowess of the Chief in 1772. He said: "One afternoon several young gentlemen, visitors at Mount Vernon, and myself were engaged in pitching the bar, one of the athletic sports common in those times. When suddenly the Colonel appeared among us. He requested to be shown the pegs that marked the bounds of our efforts; then, smiling, and without putting off his coat, held out his hand for the missile. No sooner," observed the narrator, with emphasis, "did the heavy iron bar feel the grasp of his mighty hand than it lost the power of gravitation, and whizzed through the air, striking the ground far, very far, beyond our utmost limits. We were indeed amazed, as we stood around all stripped to the buff, with shirt sleeves rolled up, and having thought ourselves very clever fellows, while the Colonel, on retiring, pleasantly observed, 'When you beat my pitch, young gentlemen, I'll try again.'"

In 1780 appeared the equestrian portrait of the Chief by Colonel Trumbull. In the execution of this fine work of Art the painter had